

A S O N G .

ON HIS MAJESTIES BIRTH-DAY.

( 1 )

FOrgive, GREAT SIR: if less wee pay,  
Then vvhat is due, to this *Great Day*;  
Wee vvant *Apollo* to inspire  
Strains, fitt to grace your *BIRTH-DAY* Quire.  
Blest Numbers, and imortal Layes,  
And Anthems of an endlesse praise.  
Are vvorthy You; and only fitt to be  
To You, GREAT SIR: the proper harmonie.

( 2 )

DUTY and LOVE is all our Aym,  
And these, and More your *Vertues* claym:  
In all your Crosses who e're Knew,  
The least resentment come from you,  
In Words, or frowns, or any thing,  
Beneath the GRANDEUR of a KING?  
In all the turns of *Fate*, You Act your part,  
A KING, like DAVID after GOD's own heart.

( 3 )

DUTY, and LOVE is all our Aym,  
And these, and more your *Vertues* claym;  
In highest Dangers voyd of *Fear*,  
Or *Pride*, when *Victories* you bear:  
*Piety*, and *goodness* fill your minde;  
Your Foes, when Vanquish'd Mercy find:  
Your *Justice* may, in Time, O'retake, and A  
Those Men, your profer'd Kindnesse cannot draw.

CHORUS:

DUTY, and LOVE is all our Aym,  
And these, and More your *Vertues* claym;  
A mighty power, your *Kingdoms* to regain;  
A *Goulden Age*, And *Nestor's* years to reign.

By Mr. D. Carney :

And set by Mr. *Abell* Master of  
his Majestys privat Musick.

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